knew Those eyes, they were unchanged, and it Yet what would be the recompense— The gain for living all those years

And loving you in sthence, secret, pain, Apart, no hope of seeing you again No lature but despair and tears! "I was o'er, and we stood face to face, Each one grown whiter than the sheeted

Remembering the old days so long fled And wildly hunting for some trace Of the old love (if it were left)

Within the others looks, Each mad to The thought most burning in the other's cle Yet each one of that sign bereft. And then some hushed and waiting air, From very stillness, faintly sighed and

And all the other long fulled breezes heard, And there was motion everywhere." And little whispers; while our eyes,

Entranced drank in the others rapt'ou Each breath grown faster, each hot cheek

With wondrous newly kindled fires.

Each heart wild beating as we moved, A step! A moment paused all trembling,

Rushed breathless in each others arms again, Each blind with cestasy; each loved!

And all the earth cried out in bliss, As heart lay beating, bounding crushed to And lips clung close as if they dared

Br okhaven. RUTH'S SACRIFICE.

LULA RAGSDALE.

BY NELLIE.

not part

Written for The Baltimorean. "Now I can get a new dress for the pic-nic, can'tel, mother?" questions prety Ruth Cleveland, as she balances or her finger a five dollar note just taken from the open letter in her hand. Aunt Sarah says I am to use this as I please-all the girls will have new dresses, and my old white is so shabby. can easily make it myself, so do say yes, mother," coaxingly and with a conscious blush as she knows for whose eyes she wants to look her best, and remembers how Mr. Forrester admires land looks up from her pan of dough into her daughter's bright, eager face

money ought to go toward paying that it?" while his eyes rest on the slim money ought to go toward paying that debt of father's, but we have pinched so hard for that, and Mr. Forrester being here does make a difference. We've saved, nearly half his board by doing without a girl, and I've worked real it?" while his eyes rest on the slim into the sea But wherever we have into the sea But wherever we have been we have received a gracious and generous hospitality, and the last four generous hospitality, and the last four take.

"I commanded the expedition across the plains," modestly responded the generous hospitality, and the last four generous hospitality, and the last four take.

"Then you have come up to the standard of my expectation," rejoined Mr. He was above of a dozen years perhaps,

hard for this, and Mr. Former's they work, sonly light has band by daily the hard the sonly control of the hard the sonly cont

"Yes, the white is the only one that will do at all," she decides presently, and it does look fearfully shabby, but I suppose I might get new lace for the low and at the risk of both their necks he and at the risk of both their necks he and at the risk of both their necks he and at the risk of both their necks he and at the risk of both their necks he feeling for which he strove. sleeve—I have a dollar yet from my strawberry money—and perhaps I could get enough for the overskirt, too, but, oh dear!" and the brown head goes down you shall not be unrewarded." But all on the pillow while Ruth sobs out her pain and disappointment, and almost decides to spend the five dollars for the coveted dress, and with the memory of how lovely the goods looked in the stored window last week, she rises hastily and begins to make ready for a walk to the village, but are also love that are also love that the starting that are also love, and tells him of the income tax.

I ouly se "Come will help will of shot.

A man who with bare feet stepped on a pile of carpet nails said they reminded him of the income tax.

Gillain reading in a paper that upon the starting that the starting that are also love, and tells him of the income tax.

Gillain reading in a paper that upon the starting that are also love, and tells him of the income tax. on the pillow while Ruth sobs out her lore-making is at an end for the present with her own dollar beside it, and decides to stay away altogether from the cides to stay away altogether from the pic-nic. Mrs. Cleveland asks no questions, believing the matter settled, but Bruce Forrester is curious to know what she will do, and after the early tea, asks her to help him gather some botanical specimens before it is too late, and once alone with her, leads the conversation to alone with her leads the city, but it is and the three go to the city, but it is and the three ne with her, leads the conversation to in-law runs in for a moment, exchange the subject of the pic-nic. "I am going to take a holiday for once," he tells her, "may I have the pleasure of being your escort, Miss Ruth?" Her face flushes and a hanny light."

The task billed for mode from the bill of his problem from the bill of the bil

HE CLARION, that you will let me know and accept "Very well, I promise," trying to speak lightly, "but I am not likely to change my mind; so that promise does

we looked into each others yes, moment doubtful; all the earth stood still, la sympathy, and breathless seemed to yours to be changed, as I think yours will be," and somehow at his cheery words, Ruth feels her heart grow lighter and fully enjoys the homeward walk. That night, Bruce indites a letter to his loved sister and confidant, one part of which runs in this wise: "Now, Nell, be a good girl and do me a favor. Have a dress made to fit yourself, some-

> The next day Ruth lays the six dollars in her mother's palm, feeling well repaid for her sacrifice when she hears the tender words of blessing and feels the caressing touch on her dusky head. No more is said of the picnic, and Ruth with the elasticity of girlhood recovers from her disappointment the more readily that Bruce Forrester keeps more closely by her side, and Ada Marchmont is for the time being total and the same being total and the same closely by her side, and Ada Marchmont is for the time being total and the same closely by her side. The same being total and the same closely by her side, and Ada Marchmont is for the time being total and the same closely by her side. engagement, and recalls the tremendous receipts of Sara Bernhardt. Her twenty-six weeks drew here and elsewhere six weeks has drawn \$405.604.25. Of this Mr. Irving receives one-half and supplies the company, except that Mr. Abbey pays \$1,000 of the \$1,500 paid Miss Terry weekly. From the indications of this week a supplementary season of four weeks might be given with equally cheerful results, but the end has come, and the greater part of the company left for the steamer late

And souls swooned 'way in that long kiss.

"Just look, mother, what does this ean; is it a fairy god-mother or

what?" cries Ruth, lifting the folds of lace, and Mrs. Cleveland stands as state of delightful excitement. Look, mother, but isn't it just to ely for anything," for by this time e dress is on with its rich embroidery

can go to the pic nic," with a radiant "But, Ruthie, the party have gone, you cannot go alone," and Ruth's face

there will be plenty more."

"Yes, I guess so," rather dejectedly, but at this moment her bright eyes disinto her daughter's bright, eager face with a wistfulness in her own, for the mother's heart would gladly give so much more than this if she was able. "Oh! Mr. Forrester, haven't you gone? I can go after all, that is if—" pausing and coloring as she remembers that he dress, but you know we had planned to manage with the old one, and—"

Into her daughter's bright, eager face with a mistant she flies down the stair-case.

In the garden path, and in an instant she flies down the stair-case.

In the garden path, and in an instant she flies down the stair-case.

In the garden path, and in an instant she flies down the stair-case.

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In the garden path, and in an instant she flies down the stair-case.

In the garden path, and in an instant she flies down the stair-case.

In the flies down the stair-case fall flies for the flies flies for the flies flie "Yes, I know, mother, you think the the broken sentence. "Can you doubt

the debt has been a source of much wor- "You!" surprisedly, "but you are poor,

"One never knows what may happen,

HE CLARION.

VOL. XLVII.

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1884.

No. 20.

walls of a jail. Mr. Edmund Yates has

now qualified for this unique experi-ence, and no doubt both the world in

general and the World in particular will

profit by the period of seclusion during

which this brilliant and enterprising

Severe though the sentence may be, it

is no doubt generally approved. "Served

cupy the adjoining cell. For the great

many even among their constant read-

ers who care to speak up in their defense.

for their sins.

So far, we agree with the Lord Chief

Irving's au Revoir. Have a dress made to ht yourself, some thing white, such as you girls wear to picnics and such places, and send to me by express. Mind, I want all the folde by express. Mind, I want all the folde season in the Star Theatre last night before his inauguration, at Willard's season in the Star Theatre last night hotel, early in the morning, created hotel, early in the morning, created la his lonely cell to-day!

dress ready for wearing.
"Oh! mother, come here, quick," she should have drawn, the only people of the president-elect was asked if he would "Oh! mother, come here, quick," she calls excitedly, and Mrs. Cleveland, startled by the tone runs hastily up the stairs.

Startled by the tone runs hastily up the stairs. Edwin F. Thorne, Patrick S. Gilmore, botel from a call at the White House, Theodore Moss and Henry E. Abbey, received the members of the peace con There was not much estimsiasm, but a gress, who had formed in procession in oft, creamy white from their resting very decided intention to be cordial the hall where they met, and moved to throughout the evening, so that alto- the reception parlor of the hotel. Examazed as her pretty daughter, who is in gether it was a fitting close to a most President Tyler and Governor Chase fortunate experiment.

courteous recognition said:

months' embrace and I am sure that our dear land, which has the first place ry and annoyance to them both.

Dinner over and the kitchen cleared, "Would you love me any more or any our dear land, which has the first place in our hearts, will not begrudge us the

GLEANINGS.

A mole on the nose-indicates that a

The Days of 1861.

ished, and she nothing doubts his having sought the city belle. So a little thrill of joy goes through her as she fails to see his familiar face, and now the hours will not seem half so long. It is quite early yet, and she hastens down to help her mother, never guessing that Bruce in his own room waiting till she seen half so long to help her mother, and she hastens down to help her mother, never guessing that Bruce in his own room waiting till she sign and of the performance little need be added to what has been hitherto said. As Shylock, Louis XI., Charles I and others. His seat was near those gentlemen. One morning, while sitting charting with them before the convention met, a servant from the adjacent hotel entered and banded a card to Mr. Seddon, who sat near Mr. Crittenden. Seddon, who sat near Mr. Crittenden. He did not know what is termed mixed, or was near those and others. His seat was near those and others. His seat was near those gentlemen. One morning, while sitting charting with them before the convention met, a servant from the adjacent hotel entered and banded a card to Mr. Seddon, who sat near Mr. Crittenden. He did not know what is termed mixed, or was near those and others. His seat was near those and others. the company left for the steamer late and others. His seat was near those be safe below stairs; so it is still far from noon, when returning to her chamber stage management and the charm of the could not help but see what was written noon, when returning to her chamber for a moment, she is astonished by the sight of a large box securely wrapped and corded, in the middle of the floor. She pauses in utter bewilderment—what is it, and how came it there? "Miss Ruth Cleveland, Brierwood," is the address, and with trembling fingers she andoes the knots and paper and lifts the lid to find within what seems to be a dress ready for wearing.

"Oh! mother come here quick" she stage ensemble. The audience, which was not precisely a representative New York gathering, seemed to best appreciate Mr. It was the make-up for which is a marvel of dressing room art, and in which his peculiar elocution does less violence to the general ear than in some others. It was remarked that the audience was less like an old time "Wallack house" than so notable an occasion should have drawn, the only people of the president-elect was asked if he would

led the van. The latter did the honors, At the close of the Charles I act Mr. first introducing Mr. Tyler. Mr. Lin Irving was loudly called for, and after a coln received him with all the respect due to his position. The several dele-"Ladies and Gentlemen-It is my gates were then presented by Governor and dainty knots of pale blue ribbon, and see how nicely it fits, too. Now privilege to thank you for all your good Chase, in the usual manner. The great ness toward us. I wish my tongue pos est curiosity was manifested to witness sessed an eloquence that would adequate this, Mr. Lincoln's first reception in Add Marchmont and her becoming toilets. But, Ruthie, the party have gone,
ets. But, Ruthie, th ly express my thoughts. On a night Washington. The most noticeable thing stay among you. Arab like, we pitched our tents and traveled to many places, ter how many initials it contained. In and traveling in America is unlike several instances he recited the histori- opposite directions through the great traveling in England, the distances are cal reminiscences of families. When the thoroughfare. Each looked out for

"That is if I will take you," finishing a fraid of venturing forth from his hotel in London lest he might tumble over him."

with the American gentleman who was spicious marcus across the plants and the mind of the mind of

Dinner over and the kitchen cleared, she locks her door and getting out the she locks her door and getting out the she locks her door and getting out the less if I was not?" looking down into her which out of the depth of your kindness brakes, and came to a dead halt.

In the sweet by and-by sang the brakes, and came to a dead halt.

We miss half the joyous experience. Dinner over and the kitchen cleared, the locks her door and getting out the locks her door and getting out the ontents of her wardrobe, turns over the outents of her wardrobe, turns over the warticles it contains.

"Yes, the white is the only one that will do at all," she decides presently, and it does look fearfully shabby, but the suscent form the contents of the locks her door and getting out the spirit is entering into living peace.

"Would you tove me any more of any affection which we bear to America, the locks her door and getting out the soil of the depth of your kindness warmer, whose brain quicker, whose brain quicker.

"If ould 's book (she derived her pensite of personal goasie? It is true that he is the only retailer who is brain the to had a spirit is entering into living peace.

"We miss had came to a dead halt.

"Whar's the conductor?" gasped the signal carrier, as he eyed the smartly the engineer applied the air brain that the only retailer of personal goasie? It is true that he is the only retailer of personal goasie? It is true that he is the only retailer of personal goasie? It is true that he is the only one that he is true that he is the only retailer of personal goasie? It is true that he is the only retailer of personal goasi

"Well, proceed and hurry."

After taking a big chew of tobacco, he farmer continued:

As I sed afore, my gang all trotted off

"How is it to night; will you have a

[The following poem was written by a

In his lonely cell to-day! Whatever the sin that tripped him, God pity him still, I pray, Only a glimpse of sun Through solid walls of stone, Only a patch of szure To starve his hopes upon.

Only surging memories Of a past that is better gone, Only scorn from women, Hate from men well born; Only remorse to whisper Of a life that might have been; Only a hopeless future For the distance yet unseen.

Once we were little children, And then our unstained feet Were led by a gentle mother Toward the golden street. Therefore, if in life's forest We since have lost our way. For the sake of her who loved us, God pity us st II. I pray!

O, mother gone to heaven!

With earnest prayer I ask

That your eye may not look earthward On the failure of your task! For even in those mansions, The choking tears would rise, Though the fairest hand in heaven Should wipe them from your eyes.

Are you sure the stumbling stone, That tripped the feet of others, Might not have bruised your own. Are you sure the sad faced angel Who writes our errors down, Will ascribe to you more honor

And you who judge us harshly,

Than him on whom you frown. Or if a steadier purpose Unto your life is given, A stronger will to conquer, A smoother path to heaven; If, when temptations meet you You crush them with a smile If you can chain pule Passion And keep your lips from guile.

Then bless the hand that crowned Remembering, as you go, It was not your own endeavor That shapped your nature so; And sneer not at the weakness Which made a brother fall, For the hand that lifts the fallen,

God loves the best of all! AN UNKNOWN HERO.

Two living breathing tides surged in

The thin little voice in its sharp stac- again until inverted in

or nope and anticipation, and to our friends at home we shall say that we are friends at home we shall say that we are or you?"

Atlanta Constitution.]

The Air Line passenger train was rapidly speeding over the rails between Atlanta come out of us.

The shadows fell swiftly now, and us, the best that can come out of us.

lanta and trainesville, when a man came rushing from the like; and it is the same to day down toward it, frantically withing an old red shirt it, frantically withing an old red shirt is getting softer, whose brain quicker, whose properties and associated and a short lace and the like and a short lace and the like and the l

and touched her sleeve.

"Hunderation?" gasped the man, "we'thing's wrong; the old 'coman, Jim, at the rest o' my crowd her your to the curb by the lamp post an' stand to work in the curb by the lamp post an' stand to work in the curb by the lamp post an' stand the work on any least life for a minit. I won't let you get to town, an' I cun't git."

"Come on," yelled the condactor, "we will help you get it off."

"Ain't there something across the track?"

"Ain't there something across the whar, an' I can't git."

"No, sirree, an' I didn't say thar wur, I con't gas dham the work on any stand to the curb of the curb by the lamp post an' stand to make the strong of the curb by the lamp post an' stand the work on any help on in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles the work on any stand to the curb by the lamp post an' stand the work on any stand the strong that the curb by the lamp post an' stand the war, an' I can't git."

"Come some," yelled the condactor, "we will help you get it off."

"Ain't there something across the track?"

"Ain't there something across the whar, an' I can't git."

"No, sirree, an' I didn't say thar wur, I con't git."

"There's nothing like a Broadway any smpty handed.

"Wall, if we'll let me 'lose Pil tell ye arter while," and the man sat compisation of the curb by the lamp post an' stand the strong war shill also no be over; the care few nove brilliant recorded the curb by the lamp post an' stand the man, while he put his work on all hope on in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles the will be seen of seemingly insurmountable obstacles the seem of seemingly insurmountable obstacles the will be seen of seemingly insurmountable obstacles the seemingly in the seem of seemingly in the seem of seemingly in the strong war stand \$3,000, and she now garle last \$3,000 of or every new work in three of seemingly in the seem of seemingly in society, is the certain that it would all essent the seem of seemingly in the seem of seemingly in the seem of seemingly in society, is the certa

laid that hand on his ragged a "Do you ever have to go without din-ner?"

"That man liked to have knocked my hedn't nuthin' to start a fire with. Will "Not very, I gess, 'less I sells enough and birds. It is all our own doing. brains out." "Why, you don't say so? head it nuthin' to start a fire with. Will one o' ye gentlemen give the old man a papers to pay for my stock an' dinner too, and I ain't done that, yet lidy."

When he opened his eyes hours after-ward and found himself in a wonderful A Plca for Tittle-Tattle. place whose floor was covered with rich London Pall Mall Gazette.] young convict now serving out his sen- carpets and walls were hung with ta- Mr. Edmund Yates, a journalist and pestry, himself laying on a couch whose man of letters, of position and repute, softness and luxury brought a sense of was vesterday sentenced to be imprisonease to his crushed form, he could only look with wonderment at all this beauty, the authority of a lady of title, a story

touched with a soft rose-colored light, concerning an unnamed but generall "There's a land that is fairer than day." libelous. It is, no doubt, a sensational In a moment light feet passed around editors, however much they may deserve facility. She has often declared that

the bed, and the sweet face was bending it, are rarely sent to jail. In France, she had no childhood, and indeed no er him.
"My dear child, are you easier now?" | under the Empire, there are always a few editors in prison, and in Spain But his memory was clouded still. He thought he had reached "the sweet by and by "and the heaviling face was sentenced to eight years' imby and by," and the beautiful face was that of a seraph, until she began to smooth his shock of brick-colored hair with her soft hand. Then a light came write on questions of prison manageinto his eyes, and he whispered: ment and reform without the invalua-"You are the lady wot I met on Broad- ble advantage of a sojourn within the

"Yes, my boy; and you are the here who gave his life for her." "Won't I get well, lady?" "I fear not, my dear boy; but tell where is your home?" "Home?"-he repeated the word as if member of the craft will study the init was a stranger to his vocabulary, and ner workings of the prison system of

yet the next sentence, spoken painfully, Great Britain. showed that he felt dimly all the sweet Severe thous possibilities it embodied. "Home? I haven't no home, lady him right" is the popular verdict, to which is sometimes added a pious regret Leastways, none to speak on. I sleeps in a flatboat down at the wharf, an' that Mr. Labouchere is not sent to ocnever goes till after dark an' the cops is

scarce "But have you no father or mother? "He shook his head negatively. "What is your name, my child?" "What else?" She asked. "Nothin' else as I knows on."

And, so far as this particular case is con-cerned, we are not disposed to question the justice of Lord Coloridge's sentence. "Could you eat something, Tim, drink a little wine, if I feed you?" "No, thank you, lady; I ain't hungry or thirsty any more." "But you saved my life, dear Tim, by like me to do?"

She had covered the little hand lying of the gossip which it retails. The prone to resemble one another. She to sleep in, or hunting wood and on top of the silken quilt with her own facts that the courts imprison a society almost invariably introduces two or

We shall sing on that beautiful shore The melodious songs of the blest; And our spirits shall sorrow no m Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.' With the last seraphic burst the las grain of sand had slipped through the hour-glass, never more to begin its work

Why Is It So? Some find work where some find rest, And so the weary world goes on; I sometimes wonder which is best-The answer comes when life is gone.

attitude before God, and therefore we

"Get what? shrieked the omcer as the farmer paused.

"Wall, if ye'll let me 'lose I'll tell ye arter while," and the man sat complace the train had been stopped now for fifteen minutes, and the conductor was boiling hot. Presently the stranger slid it down without removing it, and there without waste, fill and enrich their own great variety of lights, handled with exceeding delicacy and much delay, and alowly softened down to the beautiful outlines of life, by reduction here and growth there, till the living energies without waste, fill and enrich their own channels.

If we choose to make our home under the shadow of a mountain we ought not to complain that the sunlight does not the shadow of a mountain we ought not to complain that the sunlight does not the same in essence—as those on which the pronounces so severe a censure in the court of law. We are not defending slanting to be wicked gives them a zest with many young women, not a few of whom have, I am told, been sorely disappointed in them in this respect. They may have been thought to be allied in some manner to the grossly indelicate stories of Crebillon, Louvet and other French authors of a past age, who ravelled in minute descriptions of interdicted things. Nothing could be much further from the fact. Ouida, is reported to have

to complain that the sunlight does not enter there. If we seek a dwelling place in a cavern underground, we ought not to cry out against God for not giving us a blue sky, and green fields and flowers

FAMOUS "OUDIA."

A Sketch of Her in Her Florentine

Louisa de la Ramee is of French ex-

youth; for her experiences were un

indicating that selfishness, rascality and

portrays it exactly the reverse.

THE PLAN OF HER NOVELS.

in England.

In speaking of a person's faults
Let's not forget our own,
Remember, those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone;
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin, HER EARLY LIFE AND ANTECEDENTS-1 Twere better we commence at home And from that point begin, DISAPPOINTED, UNHAPPY WOMAN-THE PROFITS OF HER MARVELOCS PEN-HER We have no right to judge a man Until he's fairly tried;

Should we not like his company; traction says a Florence letter to the Philadelphia Press, her grandfather hav-We know the world is wide; Some may have faults, who has not ing been a Frenchman; but she is Eng-lish on both sides of the house, having been born at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk forty-three years ago. The story runs that her father and mother, being in-I'll tell you of a better plan harmonious in their domestic relations separated during her girlhood-he coming to the Continent and she remaining

Ere others faults we tell; And though I sometimes hope to be No worse than some I know Ouida's youth was passed in various My own short comings bid me let The faults of others go. countries, so that she may be said to have no particular nationality. She speaks fluently French, Italian and Ger-Now, let us all, when we begin man, as well as her native tongue, and To slander friend or for Think of the harm one word may do To those we little know;

> GLORY WON BY ACCIDENT. How a Southern Private Came to

wantonness are the distinguishing traits of humanity. She is even more of a New York Sun.] misogynist than a misanthrope, for she I carried a gun in Bowles' battalion never allows an opportunity to pass without arranging her own sex at the stern of General John Morgan's command We were mounted infantry and a part bar of her warped judgment.

'To read Ouida's late novels one would from Kentucky. The Yankees called us Morgan's horse-theires, while the inform the same idea of society on the habitants of the mountain districts of Continent to-day that one would have formed of France had he lived in the East Tennessee would ask, when they met a squad of us in a bridle-path, time of the Regent, Phillipe d'Orleans, or "Does youens belong to Mister Morgan's

of England during the reign of Charles critter-back company?" II. Her representatives are repulsive, In the spring of 1884 Morgan's com-mand had just come up from South Carbut she vows they are strictly true, not even exaggerated for the sake of fiction. olina and had gone into camp at Abing-Doubtless there is always more or less ion. Va., when word came that General twin brethren of society journalism have exruption in society which claims to be Crook, the present Indian-fighting hero. been too successful to be in good repute the best, but the corruption is rather with General Averill, was moving with in the journalistic world, nor are there exceptional than general, while Ouida a heavy force on Wytheville. We took up our line of march for that town, and right well do I remember the happy She is a very prolific writer. She has faces of the old men, the women and produced in the twenty years that have children who lined the curbstones of the justice of Lord Coleridge's sentence.

Those who venture into the perilous but peared some thirty-five novels, besides horses by fours in a triumphal entry profitable fields of society journalism any number of magazine articles and style before the admiring gaze of these must do it at their own risk, and it is contributions to the newspapers. It may non-combatants. There were no ablegood for journalism and especially well be said that her pen is never idle. bodied men in Southern towns in those giving your own in place. I can never good for society journals, that the repay you, because you can not live, and I want to do something for you. Think and tell me, is there anything you would like me to do?"

well be said that her pen is never like. Souther me to days. On the opposite side of the town, in a beautiful woodland pasture, we herself and is obviously careless in construction, incident and the development struction, incident and the development were turned loose to graze while the men to do?" nalism lies in the supposed accuratof her character's which are decidedly men were busy building dog houses

on top of the silken quilt with her own soft, rosy palm, and bent over him waiting. A tremor of delight ran through all the bruised little form at the touch; the honest blue eyes looked into her sweet gray ones above as he "Do you sing, lady?"

"Yes Tim."

facts that the courts imprison a society journalist for saying that which is false cannot but strengthen the popular belief that the paragraphs which fill the columns of society journals are true, for their authors are manifestly at large, and therefore presumably not liable to the lash of the law. As for Mr. Yates, while every one must sympathize with him in the solitary call to which, if the "The relear notes of a bugic rang out the familiar but now ominous order, "anddle occupying exalted social positions, in salient contrast with a preternaturally good, noble, self-sacrificing woman, who is commonly persecuted and whom now men calling to one another, "Bill, have you seen my mare." "Bring that bridle back here." "Where is my blanket," "Yes Tim."

"Then I'd take it werry kind, dear him in the solitary cell to which, if the him in the solitary cell to which in the solitary cell to which in the solitary cell to which, if the him in the solitary cell to which in the solitary cell

> tors, so he is now suffering vicariously usually accompanied by two or three dors, dors followed in quick succession. "By So far, we agree with the Lord Chief Instice. But when Lord Coleridge proceeds to justify the sentence of imprison striking figure, being tall and well-quick to Crocket's cave, four miles away.

Let us be careful only of the quality of our work—that it be thorough, genuine, simple hearted, the best that is in us, the best that can come out of us.

Let us be careful only of the quality manity. In Addison's time his correspondents were curious to know all about the personal appearance of the "Spectation of th tor," whether he had a short face and With all her talents and successes she is and as we lay behind the fence we could

whom courts can exercise hardly any appreciated by her publishers, for they down there?" A smile crept over his

derers, backbiters, scandal-mongers, and all the unclean tribe. But, while punishing the libeler with all necessary seishing the libeler with all necessary severity, do not let us confound in one sweeping condemnation all those whose humble office it is to act as phonographs of the tittle-tattle which forms the stanle of the ordinary conversation of

The old as well as young; Perhaps we may, for ought we know, Have fifty to their one. And find it works full well, Let's try our own defects to cure,

TATTLING

Remember, curses chicken-like, Sometimes to roost come home : Don't speak of others faults until We have none of our own.

Lead a Charge.

under his lash. As he lives in England four months' imprisonment is all that is meted out to him. They will not put him on the tread-mill, and he can console himself that, as he has profited by the labors of his fashionable contributors as he is now soffering vicerionable.

ment pronounced on the publisher of a single admitted libel by a wholesale anathema upon society journalism, we are compelled to dissent. No doubt and expensively, but in an unevery one of the Lord Chief Justice's reconventional manner and not always in
marks on the subject ought to be true
Unfortunately for society at large, they
are very much the reverse. It is all
again she is simple in attire to a point

again she is simple in attire to a point

again she is simple in attire to a point

be heard those first sad sounds to the

I became very much interested in them. We had not had a mouthful of coffee for more than four months, and turning to the soldier by my side I remarked, "Thompson, do you see those haversacks